

A bored dog

A dog was walking along one of those aging brickpaths on the IIMA campus. It felt terribly bored. All day long it was roaming about looking for something exciting. But nothing seemed to happen anywhere. The peacocks' heart rending cries and the squirrels' cranky gimmicks had ceased to impress it. Repetition, it thought, everything is repetition here.

Even the bones it gets had nothing exciting about them—lean in the middle with two rotund protrusions at both ends. That is all. No meat anywhere. The blighters, they make a clean job of them before throwing away. If all the bones looked alike with no meat to explore, what fun could they give to an old dog!

Suddenly the dog had an idea. It walked slowly to the Louis Kahn Plaza. It looked left and right to see if anybody was watching. No, nobody was around. It made some mental calculations and crept slowly to the middle of the green lawn. And then it lay three-legs thrown astray, mouth wide open and eyes fixed at nothing.

For a long time nothing happened. As long as it was sure nobody was around, it breathed comfortably. But it made no movement. It waited.

Then it happened. A bespectacled face appeared on the fourth floor of the air-conditioned wing. The man was leaning on the parapet and gazing at the dog analytically. "He must be a professor" thought the dog and stopped breathing for a while. Soon another face appeared, in a second one more. It was nice to see faces like that gazing down as if from a brickly photoframe. At last something was happening.

On the other side of the building also faces started appearing. Soon the dog could hear voices around. "It is a dead dog" somebody said. "Who must have brought and left it here" another. "This is mischievous, I suspect foul play," still another.

The dog wanted to whine with joy. But it pushed back the surging mirth down its throat. The best is yet to come, it knew.



Now it was surrounded by a ring of people. The ring got thicker and thicker. Everywhere people discussed:

"One must remove the carcass before it emits foul smell," said one.

"But how to operationalize the removal process causing minimum harm to the

grass. One should develop at least three alternatives and decide at one."

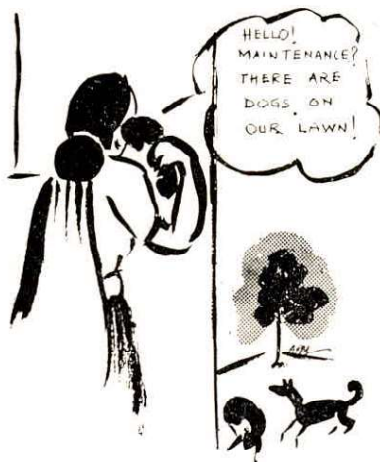
This must be a discussion between a first year and a second year PGP, thought the dog.

Meanwhile somebody was giving orders. Poor dog, said a lady who did not look like a professor. The dog saw two or three people moving towards it with a wheel barrow. It knew that the end had come.

"Take it away before it stinks" somebody shouted from near. "That is an unkind human being," thought the dog. "Let him learn what 'sting' is."

In the flash of a second the dog sprang at the man who said that, bit him on the thigh, and in the scuffle that followed, ran away. All stood like statues in brick, flabbergasted. And then there was a roaring laughter, the kind of which the old brick walls had never experienced in the last seventeen years.

All the movement in a ditch near the football ground, the dog was kicking merrily at a worn-out tennis ball. It knew it had set something rolling.



CRISIS ON CAMPUS!

Vinayan